

Dorchester Beer.

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IN these troublesome times, when each mortal complains
Some pains to the man is most certainly due,
Who, while he finds out a relief for their pains,
Supplies all his patients with good liquor too.
Attend to my song, I will make it appear,
A specific for all is in Dorchester beer, boys, &c.
Attend to my song, &c.

Would our Ministry drink it, instead of French wine,
The happy effects we should quickly perceive;
It would sharpen their senses, their spirits refine,
And make those who laugh, at the folly to grieve;
No Frenchman would dare at our councils to sneer,
If Statesmen drank nothing but Dorchester Beer.

But should they (for Statesmen are obstinate things)
Neglect to comply with the wish of my Muse,
Now regard a true Briton who honestly sings,
Our Soldiers and Sailors will never refuse;
And believe me from France we have little to fear,
Let them have but plenty of Dorchester Beer.

Ev'n our brethren across the Atlantic, cou'd they
But drink of this liquor, wou'd soon be content;
And quicker by half I might venture to say,
Our Parliment might have fulfil'd their intent;
If, instead of commissioners, tedious and dear,
They'd sent over a cargo of Dorchester Beer.

Then let each worthy Briton, who wishes for peace,
With America's sons, fill the glass to the brim,
And drink, "May our civil commotions soon cease,
"And war with French perfidy instant begin."
May our friends never want, nor our foes ever come near
The pride of Old England, good Dorchester Beer.